

Fastidious Nora.  
Mistress—Nora, why didn't you finish winding the clock? You only gave it a couple of turns. Nora—Shure, and I'll be lavin' yer tomorrow, morn, and I'd not be after doin' anny of the new gynn's work!

Man Always Omnivorous.  
It used to be held that primitive man was a vegetarian; but the anthropologist Orvay has made careful and extended investigations, which indicate that primitive man, like the modern savage, was omnivorous.

Uncle Hiram's Deduction.  
"Who are them people livin' next door?" asked Mrs. Gadsby's Uncle Hiram.

"I don't know," she replied.  
"I s'pose they've just moved in?"  
"No, I think they have lived there for a good many years."  
"Ain't they decent?"  
"I really don't know. I have never heard anything about them."  
"Hm! Gosh, you people must be mighty well off."  
"What has our financial condition to do with the people who live next door?"  
"Why, you don't seem to ever have to borrow anything."

Are you interested in California, Arizona and Old Mexico? If so, it would be wise to write for full information about the shortest line and the best service from your point to those sections via the SALT LAKE ROUTE, Utah's most popular Road.

Simple Gargle for Sore Throat.  
Tincture of myrrh, two drachms, water, four ounces, vinegar, four ounces. Mix by shaking up in a bottle.

Why Not?  
Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: The earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that you heavenly roof looks upon so favorably as me. I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me?"—Montaigne.

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All He Asked.  
The father of the girl looked at his caller.  
"You are much older than my daughter," he said, "but you are a millionaire, and she seems to want you—so I suppose it's all right."  
"Thank you," murmured the caller.  
"But there's one thing I want you to promise me," the gray-haired father went on.  
"And what is that?"  
"The old man's tone grew more serious.  
"I want you to promise me that if I ever run for office you will carefully refrain from announcing that you intend to vote for me."

When the Sea Flows Into the Seine.  
A strange phenomenon takes place at little Caudebec twice a year. The sea, announced by a thundering sound and an undulating swell that runs along the river's face, comes up from the channel and flows into the Seine. Tranquil and hitherto unruffled, the river receives this violent visitor in one undulous wave that rushes like a tide along the surface of the water. —Harper's Monthly Magazine.

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Origin of Muslin.  
This favorite material of the "summer girl" derives its name from being first made at Mosul or Moussul, a town in Turkish Asia. From there it was introduced into India, and first brought to England in 1670. A few years afterward it was manufactured in large quantities in France and England, and in the present day English-made muslins rival in fineness the most delicate of gauzy muslins made in India.

Conscientious, Indeed!  
"I notice that a leading actress telephoned that her automobile was broken down and she couldn't attend a meeting of her creditors." "Wasn't that sweet of her! Going to all that trouble for a lot of fussy old creditors."

If you were one-half as particular about being pleased with your jewelry as we are to please you, your problems in that line would be quickly solved.

ESTABLISHED 1862  
**Park's**  
JEWELRY STORE  
170 MAIN ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**PATENTS** Advice as to patentability and procedure FREE upon request. Send sketch and description of your invention. Harry J. Robinson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Patents, 304-5 Judge Building, Salt Lake City

**DAYTON MONEYWEIGHT SCALES**  
VANGUARD MEAT SLICING MACHINES  
TEMPLETON COMPUTING CHEESE CUTTERS  
Moneyweight Scale Co., Salt Lake City 232 W. 2nd St. S.

## SERIAL STORY

### Mr. Barnes, American

By  
Archibald Clavering Gunter  
A Sequel to  
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"  
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"  
"That Frenchman," Etc.

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#### SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English Lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves. Enid Anstruther, sister of the English Lieutenant, the four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charis lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes' plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horses is shot and the carriage overturned. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrives at Nice and Enid and Lady Charis and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Correggio is at the villa and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Charis. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The next morning about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes hears that Elijah Emory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be Correggio, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Salfetti, a nephew of Enid and that Count Correggio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's arrival. The count warns Barnes not to marry Enid unless the would have her also involved in the murder. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride is kidnapped. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing.

#### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But the other breaks in: "She is helpless in that devil's hands, who's tricked us both. This man means to kill her!"  
"Not as you fear," mutters Barnes. "Cipriano doubtless came here, in his mind some infamous plot against your life and hers, but now I think the same crazy passion for Marina that was in his brother has entered him. Never did your wife look more lovely than when she so nobly offered to go to Corsica to try and bring your sister back."  
"Bring my sister back? That's why she's gone," asserts Anstruther. "Do you suppose any other consideration would have induced her to leave me? She thinks her word is potent among the friends of her childhood in Bocognano. Marina is going to Corsica, Barnes, and I go with you. The vessel is there—come!" Anstruther's rapid strides are carrying him to the door of the hallway, but the American's voice stays him.  
"She will never get to Corsica," says Barnes, sadly.  
"Why not?"  
"Why not? Danella longs for her. Couldn't you see his uncanny passion gradually growing as he looked upon her loveliness? No, she will not be permitted to get very far away from him. Don't you suppose his emissaries are alert now—the man with the scar over his eye that delivered this dastard note to her?" Then the tone of the American changes; he says very solemnly: "And yet, I think you can thank God that the passion of the lover has entered this devil's heart and taken the passion of the assassin from it; for otherwise, with his thugs about her, your wife would now be dead. You stay here and try and find Marina. As for me, my duty is to go to that island and if she is living, to bring back my bride—if she is dead, avenge her!" continues Burton.  
"That is my duty here, rescue or avenge Marina!" cries the Englishman.  
Barnes leaves his brother-in-law arming himself and making ready to go out of the villa in pursuit of the loved one he has lost, and hurries down the path to the water. The darkness is now so great he can scarcely discern the little fishing vessel still tied up to the landing stage. He rapidly springs over her low freeboard, and calls: "Get under way!" The alert Graham is already at her helm; her big lateen sails are hoisted flapping in the soft air, and a moment later under a smart breeze the little

craft is gliding toward the entrance of the Bay of Villefranche.

The illuminations of Nice fade away in the darkness of the night to the American upon the deck of the fishing vessel, which now, under a fresh and increasing breeze, is bounding through the water.

Graham is still at the wheel, Barnes pacing the little deck of the silent craft. His steady eyes peer into the gloomy blank ahead of him. His life seems a blank also. To-night he had expected the loveliest eyes of his fairy bride to be beside him on a honeymoon cruise. Now! He smites his hands despairingly together.

He turns to Graham at the wheel and asks: "How long before we reach Corsica?"

"With this breeze, I dinna think before early to-morrow."

"You are carrying all the sail possible?"

"Every cloth she has."

Barnes turns to step into the cabin. "You're going down to try and get a wee bit o' sleep, I ha' hopes," remarks the Scotch mate sympathetically.

"Sleep?" the American laughs as if in mockery of the idea, yet goes below and tries to force his mind to the common sense of this strange abduction.

The next morning with the first rays of the sun, Barnes is on deck again, peering toward the east, and before him is a blue haze that Graham, who is again at the wheel, says is Corsica.

But now some feet from the stem of the little vessel, a figure that has been crouching under the low bul-



"Pleased to See You Aboard, Ma'am."

warks, rises, half shrouded by the sea fog, before him. After two glances to make his astounded eyes believe, he gasps: "Marina!"

For the wife of Anstruther, with some wraps thrown over her fete costume of the night before, stands before him, the fresh breeze twining the garments about her figure till she seems risen from the mists of the morning.

"My God, why have you come here?"

"To try and save your wife, the sister of my husband!" cries the Corsican girl. "You couldn't have done it. You know too little of this curious island and its customs. To you, a stranger, every one of that jealous, suspicious race would be an enemy to me, born with them—the name of my family adored—some will be friends. You would surely fail, I may succeed!"

"You should have told your husband." The American's voice is almost stern.

"I dared not! Edwin would not have let me go. My darling values me too highly to risk a hair of my head on such a venture," answers the Corsican bride proudly.

"Why didn't you tell me when I came on board? You lay here unsheltered all night save by the bulwarks," utters Burton sympathetically.

"The night was warm; the wind, though strong, was balmy. Besides, I waited till you were near enough to Corsica not to turn back from it, even to restore me to my husband. There is the island. There I will help you find your bride. Enid shall not die nor suffer because she is the sister of my husband or because she is your wife."

"Great Scott, you're the Marina of old!" he exclaims in astonished admiration.

"Of course I am," she answers buoyantly. "My darling husband is for the moment safe. Their letter which branded me as traitor to my race for marrying Edwin, says if I desert my husband they will spare him. Corsicans keep their devilish promises. These assassins will think I have abandoned the husband of my heart and will spare him till I return to again nestle in his arms and shield him with my very life against these fiends of the blood feud."

#### BOOK THREE.

##### CHAPTER XI.

"Beware the Path Ahead of You!"

The American paces the deck more buoyantly; reflection shows him what a prodigious aid Marina's knowledge of her native island, its proud, vengeful race and curious customs, will be to him in his search for his lost bride. The mists of the morning are slowly rising from the bluff headlands of Cape Rosso; before the vessel's bow rises the old Genoese watch tower that guards the little harbor of Porto, from which is shipped the pine timber of the great Valdonello forest.

The alert Graham, who has gazed from the stern astounded at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Anstruther on board his craft, leaving the wheel to a jack tar, now comes forward and touching his hat to the lady, says: "Pleased to see you on board, ma'am, though I'm afraid, Mr. Barnes, you'll

think we kept a very good water on deck. Our eyes were always on the sea, trying to catch sight of the damned pirates." A moment later, he remarks: "With this wind, we can make the coast a wee bit farther to the south."

"Then do so!" commands Marina. "Make a landing, if you can, nearly 15 miles below here at Sagone."

"Why?" asked Barnes, some surprise in his tone.

"Sagone by its mountain path is the nearest port to Bocognano. They dare never convey your wife through Ajaccio. By the wild mountain paths they can take Enid to Bocognano unobserved and unquestioned by the wood cutters of the forest glens or the shepherds of the steep pastures of Del Oro."

"You think the Seagull will be at Sagone?"

"I hope so," answers the girl. "That will be proof that they are taking her to Bocognano."

By Barnes' direction Graham immediately alters the course of the vessel further to the south, and they dash down the picturesque coast of the island, whose forest clad mountains run to the very waters of the sea, till they weather the point of Cargese and open the beautiful Gulf of Sagone, now calm as a summer lake.

Here, to the east, in the far recesses of the bay, is a small gleaming white under the sun that has just risen over the wooded headlands.

Barnes puts his field glasses upon it and for a moment thinks it some fishing craft, but the Scotch mate leaving the wheel to a seaman's hands, springs forward, takes a long look at it; then borrows the American's glasses and runs nimbly up the rigging to the top of the mast.

From his eerie post he calls excitedly: "By St. Andrew, it's the Seagull!"

"Can Enid be on board of her?" is heard in Marina's anxious voice.

"I can never believe it," answers Graham, as he descends to the deck, "for the vessel is anchored."

"For God's sake, get us to the yacht!" commands the American.

But despite every exertion, for the breeze has died with the rising sun, it is another hour before they fan their way near the Seagull. Upon its deck is a solitary man, who frantically screams to them: "A moi, mes amis! Rescue me! Sacre bleu, ze pirate cochons have left me. I am Leboeuf, ze cook!"

"Take heart; we'll board ye, braw Leboeuf!" shouts Graham, and carefully conning by the Scotch mate, the fishing vessel is run alongside of the Seagull. The light swell permits them to spring from one little craft to the other, and in a moment Barnes has assisted Marina onto the yacht's deck.

Here they are met by voluble exclamations and explanations, from Monsieur Leboeuf. "Monsieur Barnes," he cries sympathetically, "ze pirates have carried your bride away. Ze boarded me at ze moment I was placing your supper on ze cabin table last evening. Ze zey gagged me till I could not speak. One—two—three minutes and she came on board in ze blackness. Expecting to meet you, Madame Barnes ran down into ze cabin, and zen—"

"Then?" Barnes' face is set like that of a statue.

"Zen zey locked ze cabin door upon Madame, and though she cry out, pay no more attention to her till zey had got under way. Zen—zen—"

"What next?" Burton's voice is hoarse.

"Aftalre zat, zey come to me and say: 'No harm to you. Cook us a good meal, and one young man, handsome-faced, bright-eyed, well-dressed gallant, he gave me a louis and said: 'Feed us well but feed us on deck. We are gentlemen; we do not intrude upon a lady.' Zen I give zem, mon Dieu, ze beautiful meal I have prepared for you. Ah, how ze pirates ate it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Only Thing Left.  
The schoolmaster was trying to teach his class composition, and he was having great difficulty. Said he: "If I should ask, 'What have I in my hand?' the answer should be, 'You have an apple in your hand.' Now, suppose I should ask, 'What have I on my feet?' what should you say?" "Shoes," was the first reply. "Stockings," replied another boy. "No," said the teacher impatiently, "both of you are wrong. Remember what I have just said. For a moment no one seemed anxious to try to answer the question; but at last a lad raised his hand with an air which said quite plainly that he was perfectly sure of his knowledge. "Corns!" he shouted triumphantly.

#### Why He Doesn't Drink Milk.

My son, who is a little over two years of age, has always disliked to drink milk, says a writer in the New York World. I have repeatedly told him that to be a strong and healthy boy, he should always drink milk. While visiting a neighbor with me one day he saw a little boy who was a cripple and could not walk. "Mamma," said he, "why can't the little baby walk?" I told him the reason was because the baby did not drink milk. Then I said to my little son: "Why don't you drink milk?" This was his reply: "Because I can walk." Since then I have had more trouble in persuading him to drink milk than ever before.

#### More Light Needed.

People are now demanding more powerful lights, using 30 condenser electric lamps where a few years back they would have been content with eight. The reason appears to be that the pall over our towns is increasing in general intensity, though actual fogs are fewer. Hence more and more lights are being fitted in dark corners.

#### NOT FOR HIM.



"Now, boy, this is important! It's an invitation to dinner!"  
"Thanks, boss. But I can't accept. Me dress suit's in hock!"

#### MIX FOR LAME BACK.

To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla, and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured from any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This recipe is never-failing. Leading specialists prescribe it.

#### A Dire Threat.

It is well known that certain vagabonds desire nothing better, especially when the cold weather comes on, than to be arrested and locked up. In order that they may be taken care of a while. One of this fraternity succeeded in getting himself arrested for vagrancy, and on the way to the lock-up he was so much overjoyed by the prospect of not having to sleep in the open air that he behaved somewhat boisterously.

"Keep quiet!" threatened the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you go!"—Exchange.

There are four advantages in taking Munyon's Homeopathic Remedies. First, they are positively harmless. Second, they are pleasant to take. Third, they relieve quickly. Fourth, they cost nothing unless they give satisfaction.

Prof. Munyon has just issued a Magazine-Almanac, which will be sent free to any person who addresses The Munyon Company, Philadelphia.

#### Her Extreme Goodness.

The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust.

"Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary."

The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then, bursting into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Lippincott's.

For Hoarseness and Coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are wonderfully effective. 25 cents a box. Samples sent free by John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

Riches without charity are nothing worth. They are a blessing only to others.—Fielding.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

It isn't the knocker who gains admission to our confidence.

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Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

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## The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

## P. O. Canton Plows



#### The Success Sulky Plow

You can make two mistakes in buying Riding Plows. One is to buy an inferior plow because it is offered cheap, and the other is to buy a heavy priced riding plow, when the SUCCESS, a medium priced plow, will do better work.

#### Successful Plowing

Can always be accomplished, under all circumstances, with the SUCCESS Plow. It is a frameless plow that will last a lifetime. It has the best hitch, the best landing device, the best rolling cutter, and the best bottoms ever put on Riding Plows. It has only two levers, but they give the same range of adjustments as plows with three or four levers. It is heavier—has more material—but fewer parts, and is less complicated, than others. Finished with wide shares for Alfalfa Plowing, when ordered. That's why it is strong, simple and durable.

That's why we call it the "SUCCESS." Ask the farmer who owns one—he knows.

67 Years of "Knowing How" Hammered Into Every One of Them. Write for Beautifully Illustrated Pamphlet No. 37 of interest to every farmer, and a P. O. Catalog, which will be mailed free.

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## COLDS CURED IN ONE DAY



Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obdurate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.

Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured.

If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy.

Munyon's Vitalizer makes weak men strong and restores lost powers.

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#### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleaves and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures Itch, dandruff, hair falling, etc., and \$1.00 at Druggists.

#### DEFIANCE STARCH

10 ounces is the package

—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

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## PISO'S CURE

CURE THE CHILDREN'S COUGH

before the constant hacking tears the delicate membrane of throat and lungs, exposing them to the ravages of deadly disease. Piso's Cure goes straight to the seat of the trouble, stops the cough, strengthens the lungs, and quickly relieves unhealthy conditions. Because of its pleasant taste and freedom from dangerous ingredients it is the ideal remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cough or cold in the little ones you will save sorrow and suffering if you GIVE THEM PISO'S CURE